



**LATIN
SCHOOL**

REGISTER



Printers of Prize Winners



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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



Final Issue

VOLUME LXXII

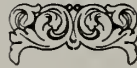
NUMBER III

JUNE, 1953

Published 3 times a year by the students of the Boston Latin School,
Avenue Louis Pasteur, Boston, Mass.

TERMS: One dollar and seventy-five cents per year; by mail two dollars. Contributions solicited from undergraduates. Contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written on one side of the paper only. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

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The Hero

BRUCE S. NIELSEN '54

THE FRONT DOOR CLOSED with the shattering bang which, Mrs. Gould thought, was her son's signature. He liked to do things the hard way-which, in this case, was the noisy way.

"Rick?"

"Hi, Mom." He came into the kitchen. He ran fingers through the short brown hair of a crewcut, and water dripped onto her linoleum. His blue eyes were kindled by some inner joy.

"Where's everybody?"

"Upstairs." And she wished they would stay there. This was the first time she had seen Rick alone since breakfast. "How was the swimming?"

"Fine. What's that you're making?"

"Soup. Hungry?"

"I'm always hungry."

Mrs. Gould had anticipated this reply. "There's some chocolate cake on the table."

Rick sat down and started to eat. "Tonight's the Douglas's garden party, isn't it?"

His mother thought a moment. "Yes, it is. Why?"

"Oh, I just wanted to check. Some girl I met said she was going."

Aware that this was a historic moment, Mrs. Gould stood very still. The soup boiled over.

"Gee, she's nice."

"Who is?" Remnants of pea soup marked the stove with rich green lines.

"Connie. This girl."

"Connie must be an attractive sort of girl," Mrs. Gould said at a venture.

"She is," he told her. "In fact, everybody else thinks so, too. It's going to be a George battle with all that competition."

Rick, meantime, strengthened his dwindling spirits with three pieces of chocolate cake, two glasses of milk, and a side dish of strawberries. Then he went to the deep-freeze and returned to the table with the pre-cooked

roast she was saving for the next day.

"Rick, you've really had enough," she protested. "You shouldn't eat so much. You're getting fat."

Rick looked at the remains of the roast with regret, and then an expression of horror spread over his face. "Who, me? Am I really? Gosh!" Knocking over a kitchen-stool, he rushed out of the room.

Mrs. Gould picked up the stool and put the meat back in the deep-freeze. Rick was getting to be a problem. . . Oh, he was a good enough boy, but it was just that. Well, he lacked drive, and he was getting fat. . . At this moment her daughter came running into the kitchen. Her hair was in curlers, and she was in that state of semi-consciousness not at all uncharacteristic to late-risers.

"What's wrong with Rick?" she asked. "He's upstairs in his room, twisting around and trying to touch his toes."

Mrs. Gould smiled. "He's worried about his weight."

Pat giggled and made herself a sizeable peanut-butter and marshmallow sandwich. Eating when Rick came down, she was a sight to enrage any one who had just made up his mind to diet. Her eyes gleamed. "Hello, Fatso."

She ducked as a dish-towel came hurtling through the air. That settled it: if his own sister thought he was too fat, he *would* diet. He grabbed a fistful of strawberries and left.

Eight o'clock. . . At last he was dressed and examining himself critically in the mirror; he pulled in his belly. He assumed severity and, instead, looked angry. When he tried smiling, he quickly closed his mouth. His mother refrained from saying he looked perfect.

"I think," he said, "I'll have Dad give me the once-over."

In the living-room, Mr. Gould was

reading the evening newspaper, and Pat was practicing.

"Do I look all right?" Rick shouted.

"You do." Mr. Gould adjusted his glasses and went back to the paper. Pat finished her polonaise with a flourishing bang and looked at her brother. "Sunshine," she said, her brown eyes big with the adoration she usually kept will concealed, "you look neat." She circled around him and then adjusted the handkerchief in his breast pocket.

A slow grin spread over his face. Gallantly he replied in his deepest voice, "Not half as good as you'll look in that prom dress."

Their parents smiled at each other the way parents do when they see any proof of affection between their children. The solemnity of the moment was broken by Mrs. Gould. "Oh, Rick, I wish you had eaten more for supper. Wouldn't you like a cinnamon roll?" She put sugar on the roll and offered it to Rick.

"Gosh, Mom; do you always put sugar on them?"

"Yes."

"But it's fattening," Rick said sadly and, with an air of martyrdom, refused the roll.

Mr. Gould put down his paper and tried moderation. He began with the Greeks and cited Jefferson and Ghandi. Mrs. Gould saw that Rick was not with him. He was staring at the ceiling, deep in thought. Then he eyed both his parents. Now what was coming, or was it coming at all? she wondered. It came.

"Y-y-you see," he stuttered, "you and Dad have been wonderful about giving me the things that school doesn't give: developing my ideas, criticizing my manners, and things like that. But, gee whiz, can't you see a girl wouldn't look at a fat boy? I've got to get thin."

"I see." His father turned to the stock market quotations. His mother was amazed. He wasn't a "fat boy." She looked him over carefully.

"Don't you get the idea? Connie wouldn't even look at me in this condition."

"What tender passion! Does he mean he's going to do anything about her until he's thin?" Mr. Gould swore pleasantly.

"Look, Rick," Pat interrupted; "I don't want to be catty, but it's not your weight that's gonig to keep you out of Connie's life. It's 'Red' Mann. He's got her all sewed up."

"Would you care to elucidate that Delphic expression?" asked Mr. Gould.

Pat sighed. "It's no use. Red's a Senior."

"I don't see what being a Senior has to do with it."

"Oh, Daddy, Seniors go to college next year."

Mr. Gould looked at his daughter in open admiration. "So?"

"Rick is a Junior."

"I am aware of that fact."

Pat, tired of explaining ABC's to her father, gave up. Her mother took over the job.

"The idea, I gather, is that one concentrates on Seniors because they will be college boys soonest."

"You don't think—" Rick saw from their glances of increasing scorn that they did.

"Of all the cynical, ridiculous. . . Why, you don't even know her? You'd think my own family. . . Red's a drip." Rick's indignation rose. His face was red. "Well, I'm going to the party. GOODNIGHT!" He slammed the door.

Eleven o'clock. . . Pat had gone to bed. Mrs. Gould was thinking of bed for herself when she heard the doorbell ring. As she reluctantly went downstairs, she heard her husband go to the door and Rick say something about losing a key. Rick, who a few hours ago had been so carefully dressed, now looked as if he had been in a fight. . . A tear in his suit-coat, two buttons missing, blood-stains on the front of his jacket.

"Rick. You're hurt."

"No, I'm not. The other guy got a bloody nose. The poor sap!"

"For goodness' sake, what happened?"

Rick sat down, smiling complacently. "Let's see now." He spoke as if fights were a hobby of his. "I took Connie home from the party. We hadn't been at her house a minute when in walks 'Red' Mann. Of all the nerve! He wouldn't leave; so-well, he made some remark I didn't think fit for mixed

company, and I got mad and he got mad. So I sort of hit him. . . That's all."

"Fairly clear," said Mr. Gould. "Not quite complete, though. How, may I ask, did the fair one take it?"

Rick beamed. "Scared to death."

"Any irate parents?"

"Connie's father. I guess he didn't like it."

"Are you sure you're not hurt?" Mrs. Gould was amazed at the smugness of her men. They were all alike, these male animals; they relished bloodshed.

Rick kicked off a shoe and dabbed at the blood on his jacket. "Oh, the fathead couldn't get near me. . . Good night." He kissed his mother.

"Good night, Sunshine." Mr. Gould patted Rick proudly on the back.

On Tuesday morning of the next week, Pat burst into the kitchen. Mr. and Mrs. Gould were having breakfast. "Where's Rick?"

"Down at the gym, taking a steam bath or something."

"Wait till I tell you." She put a plate on the table and filled it with two eggs and three strips of bacon. "Red had to telephone Connie and tell her he was ill and couldn't take her to something. Connie's tearing. Anyway, Red's made the whole family promise not to tell. I promised his sister Jan I wouldn't tell. But you're

grown-ups. I wish I could tell Rick. Red is really sick. He has an awful headache where he hit the coffee-table. His lips are swollen, and he has a big cut on his cheek."

"Rick seems to have made substantial alterations," Mr. Gould said.

"Rick can hit, can't he? All the fellas down at the drugstore say it was Rick's weight that really put Red away."

"Oh, Mom, aren't you proud of Rick?"

"I don't approve of fights."

"Well, I think he's a hero."

As the hour for dinner approached, Rick returned, unconscious of his heroic proportions. His mother had faithfully followed his instructions about the diet. The family sat down to dinner. Rick picked up his fork and poked threateningly at his food—Welsh rarebit on toast, with lettuce and mayonnaise, and a cup of tea. Mr. Gould began to carve the roast. Rick began to weaken.

"Dad, I think I'll have some of that roast; and please pass the creamed carrots and mashed potatoes."

"But what about your diet?"

Rick beamed. "Well, you know what they say: 'All the world loves a fat boy'. And, anyway, Connie thinks I'm cute-pleasingly plump. She says, 'Poor Red! I don't think he gets enough to eat.'"

A Robin Sings

NICHOLAS E. WALSHE, '54

Long have I stood upon this hill to view
The pleasant green in meadowed vale below,
And watch above the clouds that slowly go
Across the heaven's great expanse of blue;
And oft has come to me the voice of you,
O bird, whose song up from the dale does flow,
And as those notes across the woodlands go,
Then does my fancy, frolicking, pursue.
For as I hear thy trilling notes ascend,
Saluting me with faithful constancy,
I find that they a gleeful message send
Of passing winter and sweet joys to be.
O bird, thou art from Heaven sent to sing
The blessed glories of returning spring.

I Can Do Without Mickey

ISAAC E. DRUKER '54

I AM SITTING QUIETLY in the library, surrounded by a pile of reference books. My glasses are resting lightly on the end of my nose, where they have slipped unnoticed. My eyes are glued to the page of fine print. My right hand is scribbling busily on a sheet of note-paper, as my other hand lies upon a page which persists in turning over when left to itself. The only sound is my heavy breathing and the scratching of the pen.

I have just found the object of my search, when a loud and exuberant yell splits the air and an arm crashes down like a sledgehammer upon my back. My glasses fall to the table. The pen drops from my right hand; and a stream of ink begins to trickle across my notes. The book with the pages of fine print is now on the floor; I do not remember the number of the page. My chin is resting comfortably on the edge of the table.

A voice, speaking in the loudest tone possible at a distance of no more than two inches from my ear, says, "Hyah! Where ya' been, Izzy! Haven't seen you in a snake's age, kid! How'd you make out Saturday night, huh?" Before I can feebly reply, another blow falls ungentle across my shoulders; and the voice gaily continues, "Heard all about it! Some fun! I can imagine; but, no, sir, you don't have to tell me about it! Well, go 'head. Sprak up, will you?"

I snatch up my glasses; quickly put them on; and, with crew-cut bristling, turn to look at the possessor of the voice. When I realize it belongs to a plaid-clad imbecile, called "Mickey" by friends and enemies, I sadly gasp, "Oh, no! Not *you*! Will you please go away and leave me alone? I'm working; can't you see? And besides, this is a library; so shut up! Ain't you got no manners?"

"All right, sore-head! You don't have



to blow up! Mind if I sit here and watch? I won't bother you!"

"Out, bum!" I say, because the thought of "Mickey's" sitting "quietly beside" me is nerve-shattering. Being momentarily preoccupied, however, I allow him to stay; but on condition that he keep his mouth shut, his hands and feet still.

"Mickey" remains silent for several minutes but, unable to control himself, begins to tap his feet on the floor and to drum with his fingertips on the table. I endure all I can and then yell out, "Mickey, please!"

"Oh! Sure am sorry! Didn't realize I was bothering you!" Five more minutes of silence, and "Mickey" is now humming loudly to himself. If he goes, I'll be able to continue, I reason. I stand up, walk over to "Mickey", place my hand over his humming mouth, lift him from his chair, and expeditiously usher him out of the library.

It's not that I don't like "Mickey"; it's just that the farther he is from me when I am doing homework, the happier I am.

The Story Behind The Register

HERBERT S. WAXMAN '54

ON FRIDAY, MAY 8, I walked into the *Register* room with the same apprehension I experience when going to the dentist to have an impacted molar removed. You see, I was going to ask Mr. Marson if I could have a few days more to prepare the "Something of Interest" column, as the deadline had been set for May 11, and the column still needed a few more facts for completion. To the uninitiated, I can only say that getting an extension of the deadline from our literary adviser is more arduous than separating a well-known French teacher from his "Nabs". I was, therefore, taken aback when the chief answered, "Why, certainly, Waxman; take as much time as you need. I don't want to rush anybody. You may have till 2:15 Monday to submit your copy—that is, if you want to have it printed." Such compassion stirred me to the depths.

To abbreviate a gruesome tale, I managed to have my column in presentable form by the close of school on the designated Monday; and as I tenderly deposited it in the plump "submitted" folder, I wondered what it would look like after it had been gone over by the merciless pen of the Master of "235". The anguish felt at regarding an article after it has been proofread by "Phil" is similar to that of a proud mother tearfully gazing at her two-year-old son whose long golden locks have just been shorn by an unfeeling barber. Only a few lines of my original composition were left unmarred by red ink. This comment might suggest that my submissions to the *Register* are sloppy and uncorrected, but such is not the case. Each article is proofread by its grammatically proficient author and is neatly typed on 8½ x 11 Bond paper. I am willing to bet a tidy sum that Mr. Marson can

find errors that would elude the most exacting professional proofreader.

At last, all articles have been corrected and are ready for the printer. Then they must be brought to the printer, who sets the type for galley proofs. Before putting the magazine to press, he sends several sets of proofs back to school for correction. One set is then pasted into magazine form called a "dummy" to serve as a guide for the printer. Several Literary Staff members must now go to the printshop with the "dummy."

At the beginning of the year, when the Seniors were masters of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, known as the *Register Room*, several of us Juniors had to make the trip to the Eaton Press, which is located, fortunately but a stone's throw from the school in Watertown Square (that is, if you can throw a stone about ten miles). After the ordeal of waiting a half-hour for a streetcar to make the hour-long journey, we thought that for this issue we might be spared the trip, now that the Seniors were gone and the Juniors reigned supreme. Unfortunately, it fell to our lot to make the trek to the printer again for reasons that cannot be printed here, as we do not wish to hurt the feelings of the Class of '55.

Resignedly, we made our way to Watertown. As has happened in the printing of every other issue of the *Register*, we listened to a long tirade on how necessary it is to be sure of the composition of the pages, as it takes "several hours of hard work" to reset type. We were also dressed down for depriving the printer of several days of the week it takes to print twenty-five hundred issues of the *Register*. With due credit to the Eaton Press, however, the *Register* is out on time, although we have been given to understand that over the past few years, the blood-

pressure of the owner has been steadily rising. We attribute this condition to coincidence rather than to the fact that he has been the printer of the *Register* for the same number of years.

Our pride at seeing our names in

print is however short-lived; for, no sooner has the issue been distributed, than the date of the deadline for the next issue is posted, and it's "again around on the merry-go-round" *ad infinitum*.

Some Day

H. LAWRENCE TAFE, '54

He does not look back to the previous fight,
But forward to days of coveted light.
Cast behind Him, the sword of winter —
 without owner — lies;
Sown before Him, the spring His love
 verifies.

His love. Ah, how many graces has it brought
 to pass;
Among them, innocent thoughts of lad
 and lass;
The obvious pride in a baby's first word;
The hush of repose; life's grief deterred.

At times these things we may cherish dear;
But springtime He grants but once a year.
Why could not life be an endless spring,
 wrought by prayer and love?
Would He not grant it, as He did before,
 from above?
Until we live as He wished us to, until
 we love our foe,
His deathless abode of spring we may
 never, never know.

This era may never come because of
 grief and hate . . .
So enjoy the works His loving
 hands create;
Imagine mortal joys He grants us
 to possess
Will lie forever for our children
 to caress.
This world, and we within shall soon pass
 far away;
So relish all the happiness His loving hands
 convey.

Gone

PAUL A. MARTINO '54

SAY, MAN; have you looked at yourself in the mirror lately? Disgusting, wasn't it? Well, here's your chance in a million to get hep to the true cool style. Just to show you squares what I mean by style, I wrote this gone article for you; So just sit back, relax, and dig this crazy lesson.

First, let's start with upstairs and work our way down. The first limb up there of paramount importance is the head. As brutal and misshaped as it may be (and so many are), there is a small spark of hope left that yours can soon take some form with human characteristics. You can either have one of your best pals knock in the bumps on your head with a hammer, or you can run into a thick brick wall with your head slightly lowered.

The hair should be carefully curled and wrapped in a round towel (never use anything square), soaked in shellac. This crazy effect can be kept for several months if you sleep on a brick instead of a pillow. The brick is also very handy for chasing away nightmares.

Now, you with the gone head, here

comes the important part—the clothes. They should be sharp and jazzy. Buy yourself a real gone dark-blue shirt with the draw-string collar. Make sure you roll that collar. To get that proper twisted look, hold the collar in your hands and think about the master who gave you your lowest mark.

Did you get your pants yet? Well, peg them real tight until your feet turn a cool blue.

The choice of footgear is an art in itself. Many of my friends find the boots real nice. Make sure, though, that there is a long chain attached; it makes such cool music when it drags on the ground. The "King-size" chains are sold in all leading stores that carry needles and "loads." My favorite is the blue suede dancing pumps with the white trimmings. Buy heavy tops for them; they're splash for knocking out a gone beat.

All finished now? Stand back and dig that crazy reflection in the mirror. Cool, huh! Wouldn't know that you were once a square, would you? Man, now you're really gone!

Counting To Ten

RONALD W. NICKERSON '54

ACCORDING to many psychologists, an outburst of temper is beneficial in releasing tension from a person's mind. If so, my mind must be thoroughly relaxed. From an early age I have been excitable and temperamental. It would be almost impossible to count the number of "friends" I have lost because of harsh words I have spoken. On the other hand, I believe that a person who cannot face direct criticism from one whom he calls a friend is not worthy to be befriended. The losing of friends is just

one of the problems arising from my "hot" temper. Realizing that other problems are brought on by my temper, I will try to relate from self-analysis what I consider the cause of my fits of anger.

The belief that an only child is a spoiled child is in my case true. Until I was nine years of age, I received whatever I wanted. Also, I had been given my own way; and, as a result, was not able to see another person's point of view. To make matters worse, I was a fat youngster, subject to cries

of "Fatso" and similar names. Like other chubby boys, I could not face up to the taunts of other children. Naturally, I became angry and cynical towards all people.

I consider one or both of the two factors—my being an only child and my being fat—to be good reasons for a violent temper; but I was faced with an additional problem. When I was nine, my mother married a widower with a boy of seven. The thought of having a new brother, who might deprive me of some of the care and luxury I had known previously, made me very uneasy and jealous. Revenge for the drastic change in my life was my only wish. Often I became irritated at my brother's actions and developed a spiteful attitude towards him because of these actions. I enjoyed finding fault with him for trivial errors.

I made a great mistake when I tried

to carry the same meanness and dictatorial power over into daily life. I soon found out I wasn't so important as I thought I was. One of the main reasons why I couldn't rule every one with an iron hand was that I knew no other way of expressing my criticism and orders except by angry words. Actually, my bark was much worse than my bite. Not until three years later did I finally dismiss from my mind the thought of being superior to other people.

Since that time, I have been making slow progress in calming my temper and in restraining my bitter criticism. As yet, however, I have not been able to curb all the cutting insults which, meant to be witty, cause offence to some. By going to the root of my problem, I firmly believe I have made much progress in solving it. I am, however, far from conquering it.

The Return

MATTHEW J. AHEARN '53

Long weary months he had been at war;
Now he was home.
He looked about and saw no one —
Nothing but desolation.
Thick fog hovered over the ruins,
Over the ruins that had been his home;
But no one was there.
A shudder of fear passed through him.
Where was his family?
Anxiously he searched.

Then he saw her,
Climbing the stairs from the shelter ---
The baby cradled in her arms . . .
Softly she hummed to the child,
And then she smiled.

With a cry he ran to her
And tenderly embraced her . . .
(His right sleeve dangled, empty.)
No fear in his heart remained;
His family was safe.

Somewhere cannons roar, machine guns chatter;
Men are wounded, men are slain . . .
But there's joy tonight in one small town,
For Johnny has come home.

The Meaning Of The Word "Jazz"

MICHAEL F. LOFCHIE '54

ONE OF THE MOST misunderstood words in the English language is the word *Jazz*. Very few people have any idea of the class of music it represents. Jazz musicians themselves find it difficult to coin a phrase which fits the music that they play.

Gene Krupa, now recognized as the world's greatest living Jazz drummer, said, "It is the complete and inspired freedom of rhythmic interpretation." "Chick" Webb, whose immortal composition "Don't Be That Way" lives on as a Jazz classic, said "It's like lovin' a gal, havin' a fight; then seein' her again." "Benny" Goodman, the king of swing and the greatest Jazz musician of all time, claimed, "A band swings when its collective interpretation is rhythmically integrated." Whatever its definitions may be, Jazz is a class of music calculated to arouse the emotions of any one uninhibited enough to let himself go and have a good time.

Jazz is divided into many types. As it is impossible to define a sound, some of the following definitions may seem somewhat vague:

(a) "Swing" is the name given to Jazz played between 1932 and 1940, principally by such bands as those led by "Benny" Goodman, "Duke" Ellington, and Glen Miller.

(b) "Bebop" is a term given to modern Jazz, which sprang up in New York and Chicago about 1947 and is now played by "Charlie" Parker and "Dizzy" Gillespie. (George Shearing plays "cool bop")

(c) "Dixieland" is the original type

and earliest form of Jazz. It was played in the bistros and bars of New Orleans from 1875 until 1904.

(d) "Barrelhouse" is music which is rough and ready and is most commonly applied to a Dixieland Jam Session.

Each type of Jazz is divided into several subclassifications, the main ones being "hot" and "cool". Present, however, in each type and in each subclassification one phase is by far the freest and most exciting music played: the "Jam Session". During a Jam Session each musician has the opportunity to play the piece at least once as he himself thinks it should be played. His "solo" may last from one to three minutes, during which he pays no attention to notes written by the composer on a sheet of paper nor to passages prompted by the whims of an arranger. The musician plays just what he wants to play and is restricted only by the physical limitations of his instrument and his own technical skill.

To illustrate the love of a jazz musician for his music, one of the many stories in the life of Louis Armstrong will suffice. Many years ago the "Satch" was playing a Jazz concert at a small town in Europe, when, prior to the concert, he cut his upper lip very badly while shaving. In spite of the bad cut, he insisted on playing the concert. When the concert was over, his entire shirtfront was soaked with blood and he was so weak that he could scarcely walk off the stage. When questioned about it later in his dressing-room, he merely smiled through the bandages and said, "Mmmmmmm, the chops was beat."

Memories

HERBERT E. MILSTEIN '54

THROUGH THE POINTED steel gates, down the concrete way, I walked for the first time. Up the wide stairs and through the rear door, I trotted. I was now inside the building. Slowly I walked up the concrete stairs, long since worn down by thousands of feet. I glanced up at the taller boys in front of me and wished that I were in their place. I feared the beginning and could hardly imagine the end.

I was directed to a large hall, where nearly five hundred boys, all of whom I would soon know, had gathered. I heard words—*traditions*. . . *education*. . . *study*. . . *sports*. . . *speaking*. . . *writing*. . . *clubs*. . . and *school spirit*. Because of my great excitement and anxiety, I was unable to take in what was said.

My name, along with those of thirty

other boys, was called. We were assigned to a room; we filled out the first of many blanks. As I filed from room to room and continued to fill out information blanks, the word *tradition* came back to me. I wondered whether I was capable of upholding the traditional great standards—which eminent poets, philosophers, and statesmen had established. I knew that the answer lay wholly with me.

The rest of the humid day rolled uneventfully by. In midafternoon, a bell sounded. Quickly, I grabbed my coat and ran out of the room, down the corridor, through the green door, down the concrete stairs, along the concrete walk, and through the pointed steel gate; then I stopped. As I began to catch my breath, I turned slowly and looked back at the red-brick schoolhouse, of which I was now a part.

The Bookworm

KENNETH A. SIEGEL '55

BETWEEN THE YEARS OF early childhood and graduation from Boston Latin School, "a great institution for future world leaders", a noisy, rambunctious little boy may acquire a yearning for books, an unquenchable thirst that may transform him into a dull, drab, unexciting creature known as "the Bookworm." A bookworm dedicates all his leisure hours to reading for pure, unadulterated pleasure. He is surrounded by classical literature (not modern trash); acquires an enormous vocabulary in comparison with his friends, who do not possess his unusual tastes; and is constantly using his "great gift" in conversation. He resembles the worst kind of grind—the true scholar, the student of the classics.

While time marches on, new develop-

ments occur. His parents decide that he is to have the great advantages which they did not have. He is to enter into a new adventure-filled with misdemeanor morks, at least three hours study every night, censures, and other great opportunities. He is to have a wonderful career at the most acclaimed school in the country, a school with three successful centuries of tradition behind it—Boston Latin School!

Optimistically, he dwells in a fool's paradise. Then he hears that life is not so pleasant as assumed. In the Assembly Hall he is informed by the Headmaster of his terrible plight. He finds that he must cease from his greatest pleasure, being a bookworm, and must instead become a student. Therefore taking his long, aardvarkian

nose from an enjoyable book such as "Washington Confidential" and burying his beak into the great mysteries of passive periphrastics and square roots,

he has begun the evolution. The book-worm gradually becomes the ideal creature, the Boston Latin School student.

On Explaining Grades

SEYMOUR GOLDWYN '54

Each boy, at some time or other, has to explain his grades. It is unusual, indeed, (sound familiar?) for a boy to go through school without receiving a mark which requires some explanation. A new weapon is being used by a certain master in 235 which causes boys to do some fancy explaining at home. This weapon is, of course, the zero out of two. The principal villain in causing these zeroes is a monstrous, roguish, and thoroughly knavish book, called the "Tanner". I could write an epic on the qualities and evils of the "Tanner", but I shall limit myself to the effects produced by it.

It was a cold, gray, winter morning; and I was in Room 235. I had received two eight-sevens in compositions and was anticipating my fourth straight seventy-five for the month. I was startled by a high-pitched voice calling my name. The purveyor of this voice wanted to know the difference between "plurality" and "majority". I, of course, didn't know the correct answer and received a robust "I'm sorry: I can't accept that." The zero I received for my inaccurate recitation was the fourth in as many days. As a result, I was given a lowly sixty for the month. The problem arose as to how to explain the mark at home.

I thought for almost an hour and finally decided to tell the truth. Boldly I walked up to my father and handed him the report-card. He said, "What's the story on the English grade?"

I replied, "The teacher asked me questions which were beyond my scope." I waited anxiously for the much-hoped-for calm, gentle, understanding reply. I got a reply; but it was a blasphemous outburst, which stunned me. I was punished, after a warning, in my father's own inimitable fashion. I decided then that there must be a



better way to explain poor grades; but I couldn't quite work it out at that moment.

No need for explaining grades came until two months after that sixty. The cause of the low mark was identical; and to devise a better excuse, I was pondering the issue and said, "Eureka! I have it! I'll tell a lie!" The lie was one to make the most ingenious mind proud. I said, "Well, I couldn't help it if the rogue who presides over my English class was too tough this month." As I saw Dad wasn't satisfied, I went on: "My mark was one of the highest in the room; and, anyway, my mark for the year is clinched." My father—originally upset, but by this time calmed down considerably—uttered a few things about improvement and dismissed the issue.

I haven't needed to use an excuse since, except for mathematics. I said to Dad, "I'm wretched in mathematics, and there's not much I can do about it; and, anyway, *les mathématiques sont pour les imbéciles*, (strictly for the better boys)." [For explanation of last statement, consult the "better-boy" Monger of 301.]

Recently a survey committee of the Harvard School of Education proposed that Boston Latin School be made a co-educational institution. I am heartily opposed to this recommendation.

During the 318 years of its existence, the Latin School has succeeded not only in maintaining an educational tradition excelled by none, but also in fostering a body of thought, attitude, ideals and custom the value of which cannot be assessed in dollars and cents. Every generation of Latin School students has been enriched by this tradition and has been motivated to contribute to it. Should the Harvard group's recommendations be put into action, this body of tradition would suffer a mortal blow and the quality of the Latin School education would begin a speedy decline. No amount of dollar savings would alter or compensate for this fact.

Furthermore, if we had girls at Boston Latin School, we would, of necessity, have women teachers. In my opinion, women teachers should not be used to educate boys of high school age. Our boys should be trained and educated by men teachers.

GEORGE L. MCKIM

Shall We Hang up Curtains?

SHELBOURNE R. LYMAN '54

BOOM! THE BUBBLE HAS BURST! After three hundred years, the complacency of Boston Latin School has been shattered by the suggestions of a Harvard survey committee, completely unsympathetic to the venerable traditions which permeate our hallowed halls. The proposition that the school and its feminine counterpart across the street merge into one "hodge-podge" has posed a question which must be answered. "Is it or is it not feasible for the two paragons of segregated education, the two Latin Schools, to combine and form a co-ed institution?"

At the outset, the *Register's* problem was to answer this query in an objective manner and then present its conclusions to the public. The first method that occurred to us was a poll of students. We tried it; but, after receiving such answers as "Dig those crazy phys-ed. showers" and other equally well thought-out replies, we decided to limit ourselves to the Head-

master and the Faculty. You have already read Mr. McKim's thoughtful response, which expresses the sentiments of the entire school. A few statistics and pertinent remarks, gleaned from our masters, are pertinent. Of the masters consulted, only thirty per cent attended co-ed high schools; but a majority of two-thirds condoned co-education in general. Yet, a massive eighty-seven per cent put thumbs down on the new proposal. In other words, the consensus is that *Latin*, being something wonderfully special, must keep its individuality.

One master was so amazed at the intricacies of the issue that he filled out his questionnaire in hieroglyphics. Another thought that girls were so superior to boys of the same age that we should soon be walking around with our heads hung low, feeling too ashamed and inferior to offer anything but feeble resistance. The understatement of the year was the remark, "It would tone up the school." With

his provincial twang for effect, our Head Coach replied, "Twould be most interesting in our area; but, even so, I'm agin it." "Who can cope with women?" a German teacher hopelessly sighed . . . "I hope they never find the answer," snapped a demure secretary . . . One Faculty member, who is especially visceratonic, answered our inquiry with this hair-splitting question: "Who can live on bread alone?"

If, by this time, you are completely

confused, I should like to leave with you this lucid explanation, quoted directly from one of our instructors: "Since the mind searches for truth, and real beauty is a segment of truth; then, in co-ed high schools the mind wanders less and concentrates more. Therefore, I suspect the members of the Faculty, as well as the students, will be better groomed physically, more palpitating emotionally, and more blank mentally."

The Mystery of the Bookbag

A. H. MARTIN '56

I AM CERTAIN that at one time or another, you have seen a Sixie strolling or, rather, laboring—down the corridor under the weight of a huge green bookbag. You have perhaps wondered how he managed to carry all that weight and what exactly was in the bookbag. After three years of spying in their ranks, I have come to the following conclusions, which I now reveal at the risk of bodily harm:

1. *The art of carrying a bookbag* [One must be careful when carrying a bookbag. It is otherwise a lethal weapon. There have been cases of broken necks because the owner swung the bag too quickly over his shoulder and he cracked heads because the owner failed to look behind him. Therefore, these instructions must be followed.] A/ Grasp the bookbag string halfway and swing slowly over shoulder. Do not swing too quickly or with too much force, or you may find yourself up for manslaughter. B/ Let the bag rest at the waist. Excuses for lowering are acceptable: A 'shiny seat 'from too much wear and/ or a rent in said place.

2. *The contents of a bookbag.* After much hunting and at great personal

risk, I finally managed to inspect a Sixie's bookbag. The contents were (1) A water gun — tagged "use for censures only." (2.) Dog-eared math pad with a picture of the boy's 'favorite' teacher on the back. (3.) An autographed copy of 'Ye Sixth Classman's Guide.' (4.) A bound copy of the last 10 issues of 'Superman.' (5.) 1 slightly stale crabmeat sandwich. And—eh? What's this? A Latin Book! Will wonders never cease? And what an odd name: "First year Latin-translation book." H-mmm.*Il est censurable, n' est-ce pas?*

At this time I heard the owner of the bag returning. The odor of his crabmeat sandwich also played a part in my decision to abandon the search. But cometh another opportunity, I shall continue my search. Who knows? I might even find a textbook.

And now for the most startling fact of all! During my search I found.... Wait! Who are those boys with a noose? Odd! No, fellows; wait. I've learned my lesson. No more probes; no more facts. Whew! They're gone.

Hm-m-m. I wonder what's in this first Classman's locker. He left the key in the lock. How convenient! *Au Revoir!*

Man and Native

EUGENE J. DONNELLY, '53

The beauties of Spring, the mysterious night,
The howling winds
Often call man from his wordly cares.
He finds peace in nature,
In the jewels of God which adorn the earth —
Cleansed of imperfections by rivers and seas.
He forgets his burdens as he watches the moon
Breaking the darkness of the night,
Pouring its light like sparkling wine
From a silver chalice.

Only in his subconscious can he know
The peace that rests in Nature's bosom.
There lies a solitude without loneliness,
A sadness without sorrow . . .
Lowness of spirit, captured by thought,
Is cloaked in a veil of happiness.

Nature, in all its gracious splendor,
Sensed by the mind of man,
Is truly his perfect consoler . . .
The eternal gift of God.

Military Sinus



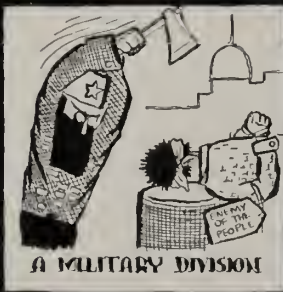
A MINE SWEEPER



AIR FORCE



A RANGE FINDER



A MILITARY DIVISION



A SENTRY



A REVOLVER

Our Lords and Masters



PAUL JOSEPH BOYLAN — Teaches science in 312 . . . Born in Worcester; now resides in Arlington . . . Married; father of four children . . . Graduated from English High School, Boston College, Teachers College, and Harvard . . . Degrees: B.S., M.S., M.Ed. . . . Lieutenant-Commander in the Pacific during World War II . . . Now holds same rank in Naval Reserves . . . Previously taught at Boston College, Leslie (Cambridge), Lewis (Chicago), Trade, and other Boston Schools . . . Hobbies: Gardening and woodwork . . . Advice: "Silence is golden."

MATTHEW JOSEPH CONNORS — Teaches Latin in 335 . . . Born in Wellesley; now residing in West Roxbury . . . Not married . . . Graduated High School of Commerce and St. Philip's Preparatory School . . . A.B. and A.M. degrees . . . Previously taught math at the Solomon Lewenberg School . . . Hobby: swimming . . . Advice: "*Possunt quia posse videntur*".



CHARLES LOUIS SAKEY — Teaches Latin in 117 . . . Born in Brooklyn, New York, now residing in Somerville . . . Married; has a baby girl . . . Graduated B. L. S. in 1936; Boston University and Graduate School — A.B. and A.M. degrees . . . Sergeant in World War II, Branch Division of Specialized Language Program, U. S. Army . . . Previously taught at Cambridge Academy and at Hamilton High School . . . Hobbies: poetry and photography . . . Advice: "Strive for Perfection".



Baseball

Latin Drops Opener

April 16, 1953

The baseball season opened on a rather gloomy note as B. L. S. bowed to a strong Technical squad, 10 to 4. Tech took advantage of the Purple's frequent fielding lapses, to win handily.

Tech got off to a fast start in the first inning, when they scored four runs on three singles, one walk, a wild pitch, and an error. In the second inning Tech tallied two more times on a single and two walks to take a 6-to-0 lead. The third inning found Latin fighting back gamely. After Meland had walked and McAvoy had singled, Connolly walked to load the bases. Kannegieser's timely single drove in two runs. An error, two more walks, and two stolen bases accounted for two more runs; and Latin was right back in the

ball game. The game then developed into a pitcher's duel for the next four innings. In the seventh frame Tech killed any hope Latin's rooters might have held for a wine. Two errors, a wild pitch, a walk, and a single accounted for four Technical runs. Once again the pitchers settled down. the defenses tightened, and the teams were held scoreless for the rest of the game.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
McAvoy 3b	5	2	2	1
Connolly 2b	4	0	2	1
Kannegieser ss	4	2	2	1
Dickey rf	4	1	1	0
Fitzgerald cf	3	1	2	0
Dailey lf	3	0	0	0
Aghjayan 1b	4	1	4	0
Meland c	1	0	5	0
Kolsti p	3	0	0	0
Monroe c	2	0	6	0

Ouch!

All in all, Latin looked pretty sloppy afield. This fact might have been caused by the lack of practice . . . Kannegieser and McAvoy shared the slugging honors, with two hits apiece . . .

At this stage of the season it doesn't seem probable that Latin will be able to compensate for the Braves moving to Milwaukee . . . Despite the fact that ten runs were scored off him, Kolsti pitched a fairly good game, striking out 11 over his 9 inning stint.

Latin Whitewashes Charlestown

April 20, 1953

Aided by some fine pitching by Silva and Andrellos, who allowed only three hits and one unearned run, Latin downed Charlestown, 6 to 1.

Latin loaded the bases in the first, but was unable to score. The Purple didn't draw blood until the third inning, when they came up with three unearned tallies without a hit. Kannegieser opened the inning with a walk and stole second. He advanced to third on a wild pitch, then pulled off a daring steal of home. Three more walks, a stolen base, and some heads-up baserunning produced the other two runs.

Latin added another run in the fourth when Fitzgerald singled, stole second, went to third on a wild pitch, and scored on a fielder's choice. Charlestown scored their first and only run on four walks in the seventh.

In the bottom half of the seventh, Ahearn walked, stole second, went to third on a wild pitch, and pulled off Latin's second steal of home in the game—repeating Fitzgerald's performance in the fourth. Latin scored its final run in the eighth, when Connolly,

walked, stole second, and came home on two errors.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Fitzgerald cf	4	2	0	0
Connolly 2b	3	0	1	0
Kannegieser ss	3	0	1	1
Dickey rf	3	0	1	0
Kolsti 3b	3	0	1	3
Dailey lf	2	1	0	0
Aghjayan 1b	3	0	5	0
Meland c	1	0	16	0
Silva p	1	0	1	1
Andrellos p	2	0	0	0
Ahearn lf	0	0	0	0
Beneziano lf	0	0	0	0
Munroe rf	1	0	0	0

Stolen Bases

It was hustling, and nothing else, that won this game for Latin. They stole eleven bases while collecting a mere three hits . . . The pitching was superb, as Silva and Andrellos struck out a grand total of 15 batsmen . . . Latin also played a much-improved defensive game as they made only one error . . . Fitzgerald was the outstanding performer for the Purple, as he collected two of the three hits and stole three bases.

Latin Jolts Jamaica

April 24, 1953

Latin had no trouble at all in mauling a definitely outclassed Jamaica Plain outfit, 18 to 4. Latin exploded for eight runs in the first inning. Fitzgerald opened the inning with a walk. Veneziano then sacrificed and was safe on an error. After McAvoy had singled, the J. P. pitcher began to get a little wild and succeeded in beaming both Kannegieser and Connolly. There were

two more singles, a walk, and two stolen bases before the inning had ended. When the smoke finally did clear, Latin had an 8-to-0 lead. B.L.S. scored again in the second, when McAvoy walked, stole second, and scored on an error. In the third Meland singled, advanced to second when Silva walked, and scored on Fitzgerald's single.

The nightmare (for J. P.) became worse instead of better as the game moved into the fourth inning. McAvoy walked and was moved to second by Aghjayan's single. After a free pass to Kannegieser had loaded the bases, two runs were scored on an error.

McAvoy opened the sixth with a single, but was thrown out at second as Aghjayan reached on a fielder's choice. Kannegieser advanced "Hikie" to third with a single, and Dailey's one-base smash scored him. Latin added two more in the seventh on two singles, three walks, and a stolen base. The Purple completed the slaughter by adding three more in the eighth on five walks, a wild pitch, and an error.

At the end of eight innings the score was 18 to 0. To help mollify the pain somewhat, Latin was polite enough to let J. P. score four runs in the ninth.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Fitzgerald cf	5	2	3	0
Veneziano rf	4	2	1	1
McAvoy 3b	3	3	0	0
Aghjayan 1b	3	1	9	1
Kannegieser ss	2	1	2	1
Connolly 2b	5	1	3	3
Dailey lf	5	1	1	0
Meland c	5	2	8	3
Silva p	1	0	0	5

Grand Slams

Silva's superb pitching was somewhat obscured by Latin's batting barrage. He allowed only seven hits and struck out six . . . McAvoy led the barrage with three hits . . . Latin was a greatly improved ball club today, both offensively and defensively . . . The J. P. pitcher was the greatest threat to humanity since the A-Bomb. He beamed two batters, uncorked a wild pitch, and gave up 15 free passes.



Purple Mauls Memorial

April 27, 1953

A big third inning, in which Latin scored seven runs on six hits, enabled the Purple to down an erratic Memorial squad, 10-3.

For the first two innings Garber of Memorial pitched flawless ball, striking out four of the first six men to face him; but in the third the Yo-Yo boys fell apart. Kolsti opened the big inning with a single and advanced to second on a passed ball. Fitzgerald, McAvoy, and Connolly

drew free passes; Veneziano, Kannegieser, and Dailey belted singles; Aghjayan doubled; and Latin had seven runs.

In the fifth Latin crossed the plate two more times. After Aghjayan and Kannegieser had garnered singles, Dailey clouted a double, which rescued both runners. In the bottom half of the sixth, Memorial scored twice on two singles and a double, to make the score 9-2. Latin's final tally came in their

half of the sixth, when McAvoy singled and came home on Aghjayan's long triple. Memorial's final run was scored in the seventh on two singles.

In the ninth Connolly belted a three-bagger, but was left stranded. Kolsti struck out the last two batters to face him, to end the game. Final score: B. L. S.—10; Roxbury Memorial—3.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Fitzgerald cf	4	0	1	0
Veneziano 3b	4	2	1	0
McAvoy rf	4	1	0	0
Aghjayan 1b	5	3	9	0
Kannegieser ss	5	2	1	0
Connolly 2b	3	1	3	0
Dailey lf	5	3	1	0
Meland c	4	0	10	0
Kolsti p	4	1	0	0

Solid Hits

Dailey and Aghjayan shared the slugging honors, with three hits apiece . . . Kolsti, pitching an excellent game,

fanned 9 . . . Going into this game, Latin had been unable to produce an extra-base hit. Today however, our sluggers garnered five such wallops.



Purple Whips Eastie

April 29, 1953

A four-run ninth-inning rally allowed Latin to gain an 8-4 verdict over the Noddle Islanders. Latin came up with a run in the initial stanza, when McAvoy walked, went to second on a wild pitch, and scored on Aghjayan's double. Eastie evened the count in the bottom half of the first on two walks and a double. East Boston took the lead in the fourth when they scored on two singles and an error. Eastie made it 3-1 in the fifth when they scored again on a single, a double, and a walk.

Latin knotted the score in the sixth. McAvoy opened the inning by drawing a free ticket and stealing second. After Aghjayan had also walked, Kannegieser drove home both runners with a double. B.L.S. took the lead for the first time in the eighth when Kannegieser walked, stole second, and scored on Connolly's one-bagger. Eastie again tied the score in their half of the eighth on two singles and a free pass.

In the ninth the Purple blew the game wide open. Meland opened the inning with a single. After he had been

advanced to second by Andrellos' grounder, he scored on Monroe's single. Monroe, in turn, was brought in by Veneziano's two-bagger. McAvoy then clouted a solid smash to score Veneziano. A walk, a double steal, and a fielder's choice accounted for the final run.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Monroe cf	5	1	1	0
Veneziano 3b	5	1	4	0
McAvoy rf	3	2	0	0
Aghjayan 1b	3	1	9	1
Kannegieser ss	5	2	3	0
Connolly 2b	5	2	1	0
Dailey lf	3	0	0	0
Meland c	3	1	8	0
Andrellos p	3	0	1	0

Riding High

This was Latin's fourth straight Conference win, and they are now tied for second place . . . Andrellos came through with some great clutch pitching, especially in the ninth, when the Noddle Islanders loaded the bases . . . McAvoy was the standout performer, as he garnered two hits and scored three times.

Latin Trounces Rossie

May 4, 1953

Behind the red-hot pitching of Wally Silva, the ery Latins crushed a weak Rossie nine. After walking the first three batters Monroe, Veneziano, and McAvoy the Rossie pitcher got himself into hot water when Aghjayan singled and fielder choices by Kannegieser and Connolly produced three runs In the second inning, when Meland, Monroe, McAvoy, and Aghjayan walked and Kannegieser and Connolly were hit by pitches, Latin racked up three more runs.

In the fourth, Pitcher Wally Silva's inside-the-park homerun, with Meland on, produced the seventh and eighth scores.

The fifth inning saw McAvoy take two bases on an infield out to come home, making the score nine to nothing.

A triple by "Ike" Monroe and a double by Veneziano drove in four more runs for the Purple and White in the eighth. The eighth, however, saw

Silva's hopes for a shutout disappear as the opposition finally managed to score their only two runs. Singles by McAvoy and Aghjayan and Kannegieser's triple aided by Connolly's ground-out scored the last three runs.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Monroe lf	3	1	1	0
Veneziano rf	5	1	1	1
McAvoy 3b	3	1	0	0
Aghjayan 1b	5	1	5	0
Kannegieser ss	5	1	4	2
Connolly 2b	5	0	1	0
Dickey cf	4	0	6	0
Meland c	4	0	7	0
Silva p	4	3	2	5

Catches

Even Coach Charlie FitzGerald was amazed by startling leaping catches made by "Dave" McAvoy in the fifth and John Kannegieser in the seventh. NOTE: During the third inning the players on both sides were harassed by a canine, that persisted in running across the outfield.

Latin Tops B.C. High

May 11, 1953

In one of the best-played and most exciting games of the season, the Latins squeezed out a three-to-two decision over a fighting B. C. team. The Purple and White stalwarts took an early two-run lead in the first frame when "Dave" McAvoy scored on Haikey Aghjayan's single, and Johnny Kannegieser came home on a passed ball.

The tension mounted when B. C. scored in the sixth and tied the game in the top half of the eighth, but B. C. hopes were dimmed when Kannegieser came home on an infield out. Continuing to add glory to the Latin hurling staff, pitcher Kolsti came through with a one-walk, five strike-out per-

formance. Sharp base-running featured the tense contest, which was the fastest played up to this time (one hour, 48 minutes).

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Fitzgerald cf	4	0	1	0
McAvoy 3b	3	0	1	0
Kannegieser ss	3	2	1	1
Aghjayan 1b	3	1	16	0
Veneziano rf	4	0	0	3
Connolly 3b	4	0	2	4
Dailey lf	3	0	6	3
Meland c	3	0	0	4
Kolsti p	3	2	0	0
Dickey*	0	0	0	0
Monroe**	1	0	0	0

*Substituted for Dailey in ninth

**Batted for Dailey in ninth

Outdoor Track

As the *Register* goes to press, Latin has participated in and won its first two track meets by convincing margins. The turnout for this spring sport has been so great that no less than two managers and two assistants have been needed. Dick Zimon, Salva Vogella,

Chuck Gorodetsky, and Bob Dunbar have served well. Much credit for Latin's excellent team is due Coaches Ronan and Carey, whose expert instruction has gone a long way in molding the squad.



Latin Romps in Opener

April 30, 1953

Completely dominating its rivals, the Purple and White speedsters left the field far behind as it humiliated its opposition in its initial triangular meet by scoring 206 points. Roxbury finished second with 120 points, while Dorchester placed a weak third with 17.

In the Class A running events, Jim Connolly took first in the 180-yard hurdles. Dick Wharton, Tom Flynn, and Ed Dailey outsped their opposition in the "440," "880," and mile respectively for top honors, while Chester Rose and Mike Mazer finished second in the last two races—Chet in the quarter mile and Mike in the half. There were five firsts for Latin in the Senior division field events. Bob Orfant won the shot put; Ed Howard took both the running broad jump and the

high jump; Kev McIntyre copped the pole vault; and Bob Orfant, the discus.

Art Mayo was by far the outstanding competitor in Class B. Taking part in the "440," broad jump, and high jump, versatile Art took firsts in all three. Dick Marshall and Al Serser took firsts in their specialties—the "220" and "100," respectively. Bob Grossman won both the javelin and the discus, and Paul Troiano excelled in the shotput. The relay romped.

Class C featured three winners: Charlie Carp in the "100," Dave Rosenthal in the "440," and Donnie Pearson in the pole-vault. Other scorers were Epstein, Franchi, and McGrath, who all finished second in their respective events.

Purple Topples Trade

May 6, 1953

With the aid of a prodigious cushion accumulated in the field events, the Latin stalwarts with 170 points easily vanquished powerful Trade who scored 96. Tech took a creditable third with 17.

Class A was featured by wins in the "220" by Howard; in the discus, by Connolly; in the pole-vault, by Rose; and in the javelin, by Bob Lavolsi, who also finished second in the vault. Dick Wharton tallied in the broad jump; and Ed Dailey, Don Kraft, and Ed Kolodney finished second, third, and fourth respectively in the shotput. Bill Bradlev, Tom Flynn, and Chester Rose placed in a similar manner in the half mile. The relay finished first.

Continuing his rampage, indomitable Art Mayo took two firsts this time as he copped both the high jump and the "220". The shotput was completely dominated by Latin, as Troiano, Coleman, Marshall, and Peters finished in that order. Top-honors were taken by Paul Troiano in the discus and shot, Harvey Ginns in the pole-vault, Bob

Holtz in the javelin, and Bob Paquette in the "880". Other tallies were compiled by Grossman, McAlpine, Miller, Crowley, Serser, and Griffin.

Class C also sponsored a double-winner as Dave Rosenthal leaped to victory in the high jump and took a first in the "440". Don Pearson was runner-up in both these events. Charlie Carp also won a first in the "50," with Golden finishing second. The total was swelled by additional scores on the part of Friedman, Campanis, Franchi, and Janjigian.

BREAKING THE TAPE

Because of the huge Latin squad, it is difficult to give every one deserved credit. Irwin Alper, John Boussy, Bressler, Collins, and several others not mentioned above scored many a valuable point, while many of the top-winners also placed in other events . . .

In view of the team's showing and enthusiasm, Latin can reasonably hope for a sweep in the Outdoor Reggies.

Tennis

Latin Cops Opener

April 22, 1953

The B.L.S. "racket squad", playing masterful tennis, shut out a weak Trade net team. The Latinites were never even threatened, as they won each match in straight sets. "Dave" Bernstein, a finalist in last year's City Tournament, "Connie" Yannoni, and "Bob" Watkins played singles, showing form that should lead B.L.S. to its fourth straight tennis championship.

B. L. S. has not been beaten in three years . . . Heifetz and Cerul won their matches forfeit.

SCORES

Singles

Bernstein	6-0, 6-2
Yannoni	6-2, 6-1
Watkins	6-0, 6-1

Doubles

Jacobson and Store	6-0, 6-4
Heifetz and Cerul	6-0, 6-0

Hyde Park Walloped

April 28, 1953

A fighting Hyde Park squad met defeat at the hands of a superior Purple team. "Marty" Jacobson and "Ronnie" Stone, shutting out their doubles opponents, played, by far, the best match of the day. Captain "Dave" Bernstein was the only player to lose more than two games. After dropping his first three games, he found himself and easily aced and backhanded his way to victory.

Lobs and Smashes

"Dave" Bernstein looks like a safe bet for the Boston City championship

. . . . Coach Lambert is assured of championship in the next two seasons with such potential greats as Sophomores Watkins, Cerul, Rosenthal, and Russman.

SCORES

Singles

Bernstein	6-5, 6-3
Yannoni	6-0, 6-1
Watkins	6-1, 6-1

Doubles

Jacobson and Store	6-0, 6-0
White and Heifetz	6-0, 6-1

Latin Mauls Tech

May 6, 1953

Latin gets stronger; the opposition gets weaker. Once again, the B. L. S. "racket" squad mauled the Artisans. Once again Dave Bernstein easily tripped his blinded challenger. The doubles match of Marty Jacobson and Dick Goldstein provided a little more thrilling match. Maury Cerul and Dick Stone, two sophomores, once more displayed magnificent form.

Lobs and Smashes

Captain Dave Bernstein has de-

veloped a marvelous serve and backhand in the past two years . . . The next match with Commerce should be another pushover.

SCORES

Singles

Bernstein	6-0, 6-0
Yannoni	6-0, 6-1
Watkins	6-0, 6-0

Doubles

Jacobson and Goldstein	6-2, 6-2
Cerul and Stone	6-1, 6-0

Latin Blanks Commerce

May 11, 1953

A superior Latin team trampled their opponents beneath a blanket of six-love scores. For the first time in the history of the Boston Conference, a team holds its opponents to five scoreless sets. Ronnie Stone, Maurie Cerul, and Dave Bernstein represented the "Purple" in singles. The doubles were played by Joe Kamens—Marty Jacobson and Barry Russman—Dave Rosenthal.

Lobs and Smashes

The Sophomore representatives —

Stone, Cerul, Russman, and Rosenthal—seem ready to fill in for the Senior numbers leaving the team. Thus, Latin can look forward to another championship team.

SCORES

Singles

Stone	6-0, 6-0
Cerul	6-0, 6-0
Bernstein	6-0, 6-0

Doubles

Kamens and Jacobson	6-0, 6-0
Russman and Rosenthal	6-0, 6-0

EDITORIALS

Prima Oratio Contra Malenkov

"Qua re si propter socios, nulla ipsi injuria lacessiti, matores nostri cum Philippo, cum Aetolis, cum Poenis bella gesserunt . . . If our ancestors waged war with Philip, with the Aetolians, with the Phoenicians because their allies were attacked, although they themselves had not been harassed, with how much eagerness ought you protect the safety of your allies?"

These words were spoken almost two thousand years ago in the Forum by one of the greatest orators and statesmen the world has ever known, Marcus Tullius Cicero. Are we so much wiser, that we do not have to heed the advice that saved the Roman Empire in 66 B.C.?

Today a situation similar to that which faced the Latins those many centuries ago is materializing in our troubled world. Communist armies, under orders from Moscow, are threatening the safety of those nations to whom we have pledged our support, and the motive behind their aggression is to prepare the way for eventual downfall of democracy.

In 1862, Napoleon III, Emperor of France, sent his armies across the Atlantic to Mexico to add that American republic to the dominions of France. Maximilian, an Austrian duke, had been appointed by the French monarch to rule Mexico. Allied to Mexico under the terms of the Monroe Doctrine our government sent an ultimatum to Napoleon, ordering him either to withdraw his troops from Mexico or to prepare for a full-scale war with the United States. The French chose the former course. Thus, our forefathers upheld their pledge to an ally, and they were even willing to go to war, although they themselves had not been threatened.

In 1949 a similar situation arose. When Communist troops began to override China, a nation to which we had pledged our support, we turned our back on the entire affair: and, instead of halting the Russian-instigated Communist forces, we gave the Reds ample opportunity for bringing the whole of China under their iron heel. Instead of having to deal with a *comparatively small army* with no permanent quarters, we now have to go to war with an army of greater strength than our own and with as unlimited supplies near at hand.

Not until 1950, when the North Koreans invaded South Korea, did we take an active part in Asian affairs. By then, the Reds had not a handful of scattered guerillas, but a huge, well-trained army. And now, after two and a half years of fighting, we are no closer to a truce than in June, 1950. Instead of crossing the Yalu River and destroying the real perpetrators, the Chinese Communists, we are content with small skirmishes and air combats in Korea, while thousands of American lives are being vainly expended.

When are we going to heed the advice of Cicero, who showed in 66 B.C. that no nation can turn its back on the affairs of the rest of the world and hope to survive? World peace is but a huge pyramid made up of the peace of individual countries; and when one brick is removed, the whole structure collapses. Democracy and Communism are now in a fight to the death. Now is the time to show Stalin and the other members of the Politburo that we do not intend to let history repeat itself, and the fate of the Roman Republic shall not be the fate of the United Nations.

Are You A Part of School Life?

At this time of the year, every Latin School boy becomes particularly conscious about the abundance of extracurricular activities that the school offers. Club pictures, entries on Summary Record cards, Honor Society inductions, and athletic events serve as constant reminders of the importance of participating in school life. Colleges have long since passed the stage where they consider scholastic aptitude and academic achievement the only requirements for admission.

With these ideas in mind, look at your own record. Have you participated in athletics? Do you belong to a school organization? Do you help in the office, in the lunchroom, as corridor patrol? Do you serve the School in any way? Every student should be able to give an affirmative answer to some of these queries; for only a recluse could refrain from being part of all this activity.

Yet the majority of the Latin School student body cannot be considered as playing an active part in school life. Most boys think they can answer *yes* to the question posed by the title of this article and can leave the reading of it to their brothers. To them, I say take another look back at the past year. Mere membership in an organization doesn't qualify you as one of the firm pillars of our school life. If you belong to a club, do you contribute to its functioning and programming; or are you content merely to attend meetings and pay dues? If you work in the Office, on corridor patrol, or in the lunchroom, do you perform your duties enthusiastically, efficiently, and courteously? Or do you do perfunctorily the minimum required of you and use the job just as a means of getting out of a period?

Of course, the great joke — or perhaps, the sad sack — is the fellow who pays a "buck" to the treasurer of a half-dozen clubs a year; gets his picture in the Yearbook; and has his record well filled with names of clubs. This kind of record may impress proud relatives, but not those who know the score. If you belong to an organization, remember you are representing a school with a long tradition and a proud name. Carry out your obligations in a way that won't knock bricks from the tower of respect the Boston Latin School has built during the past 318 years.

Optimism

CHARLES E. SMITH, '53

If you should walk alone at night
And feel unrest within your soul,
The dread of some internal fight,
The thwarting of some beloved goal —

You see the foibles of evil men
Whose thoughts all differ from your own;
You wonder at their monstrous lies
And when they'll reap what they have sown.

But yet the men of long-gone years,
It seems, have wondered just as we;
And, through the traces of their tears,
Perhaps our vision may be cleared.

Alumni Interview

John Fox '25

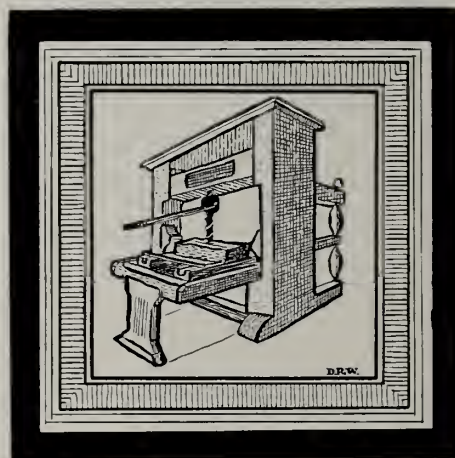
HARVEY PRESSMAN '54

HERBERT E. MILSTEIN '54

John Fox is the exception in that body of Latin School graduates who are said to have "made good". He went through Boston Latin School with no particular distinction. Then, after majoring in English literature at Harvard, he entered the world of higher finance and "made good" to such a degree that he has recently been able to regulate his financial pursuits to second importance to purchase the *Boston Post* and to devote his life to the one pursuit of fighting Communism, employing his newspaper as the means to that end. It is no wonder, therefore, that we were interested in hearing Mr. Fox's views on the effects of a Latin School education on the life of a financier.

As we entered his huge and luxurious State Street office, we were greatly impressed. The long mahogany desk, the paintings on the wall, and the thick plush rug were all in the best of taste. The many telephones, private recording machines, and ticker-tapes gave evidence that he had not entirely shed the role of high financier. We were greeted cordially by a graying, shirt-sleeved man, who informed us that he would gladly answer any questions that we might pose.

Mr. Fox began relating to your reporters those memories from Latin School life which have remained vivid. He outlined how, in the then customary Monday morning exercises, he used to pray for "long-winded speakers," to go on and on and thus decrease the time for recitations. We hastened to assure him that, in this respect, Latin School had not changed. He entertained us with anecdotes of Mr. Charles French's history classes. He recalled as excellent teachers Mr. Joseph Hobbs, former master of English, and Mr. William Henderson, former Head of



the French Department. He termed Mr. Max Levine, current Head and his first French teacher, "a great guy". "I was terrible at declamation and failed to distinguish myself in my studies," recalled Mr. Fox. "I was always in trouble."

At this point in the interview, one of the telephones on the desk rang, and Mr. Fox spoke briefly. Hanging up, he explained to us that his pilots had been waiting all day with "one of my private planes" to take him to Pennsylvania to look after some of his natural gas properties. At this point, he informed us that we were having the first interview he had ever given, inasmuch as he loathes publicity. When we asked Mr. Fox to express his opinion of a classical education, he replied immediately, "In order to have an excellent knowledge of English, one must have an acquaintance with Latin." The financial wizard thought that Latin School had had more influence on him than any other school. He was of the opinion that whereas the Latin School "taught the fundamentals,

Harvard attempted to make one a craftsman." Considering Latin School as the best preparatory school in the country, he remarked that one does not fully realize the value of a classical education until later in life. Oddly enough, this successful alumnus, who did poorly in French in his undergraduate years, recalled how he was able to hold a good conversation in French while in Paris last year. When Mr. Fox was told that the Latin School had changed somewhat in the last twenty years, he facetiously remarked, "Well, I shall have to investigate that and have the school changed back."

Our friendly host declared that he "had a much easier time at Harvard than at the Latin School," which he felt had much to do with Mr. Fox's acquisition of the ability to study. We inquired why Mr. Fox had majored in English at Harvard. His reply was that he merely wished to obtain a broad cultural background. In this connection, the famous man spoke of the "very adequate" English course given at our school . . . Up to the time of his acquisition of the *Post*, he had never had any plans to enter journa-

lism or to buy a newspaper—and "plans to buy no more."

Mr. Fox stated his opinion that "a third World War was inevitable." After much contemplation, the vigorous fighter against Communism had concluded that, since Malenkov and his followers will undoubtedly continue to follow a pugnacious policy, he believes they will cause the outbreak of a global war.

We then glanced at the face of the mahogany Grandfather's clock behind Mr. Fox and realized that we had overstayed our visit. Although our host was still willing to continue our talk, your *Register* reporters did not think it right to take any more time of this busy man's day. After a brisk handshake and a promise that we should mail him a copy of this edition of the *Register*, Mr. Fox accompanied us to the door.

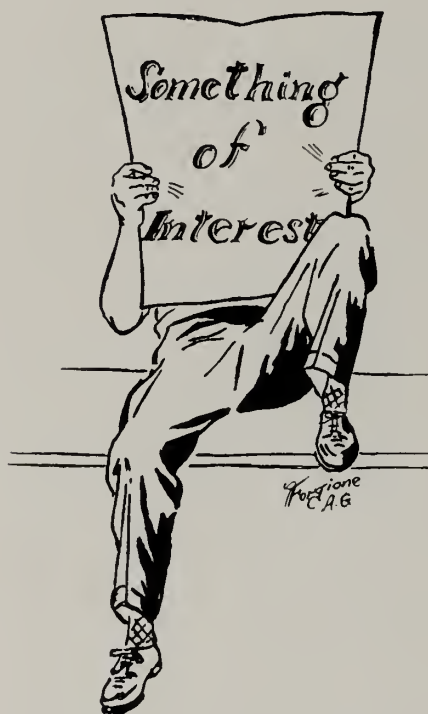
Although Mr. Fox modestly refused to give a message to the Boys of the Latin School, his life itself is an inspiration to every Latin School student. A boy who overcame all the obstacles of poverty and difficulty in studies, can certainly serve as an example to youth.

The Call of Spring

THOMAS HARRINGTON, '54

When Winter's done, I like to walk
Through woods and verdant meadows, where
I see what Spring has wrought: the rock
That bursts with nascent green. And ere
She leaves, she wakes the buds on the stalk.
But across the azure blue—the fair,
Kind Spring is gone, at other doors to knock.

In Nature's Garden, lined with babbling rills,
Beside the whispering pines and placid pond,
I stand both dwarfed and awed by Might that thrills
My soul—that Might of petty man so fond.
I know, while gazing over purple hills,
That He is there, above and far beyond.



To make the Career Day Program even more effective this year, three I, II, and III were present. At the assemblies were held, at which Classes first, on Tuesday, March 24, Dr. Norman L. Lavers, '32, Professor at Gordon College of Theology, presented the arguments for entering the noblest of all professions, the clergy. Edmund Burke, '22 eminent Boston lawyer and President of the Boston Latin School Alumni Association, told of the boys of the advantages a legal career offered. Leonard Bernstein, '35—noted composer, pianist, and Director of the Institute of Fine Arts at Brandeis University—told what the field of music offers to the talented few. . . On Thursday, March 26, the three upper classes re-assembled to hear William M. Ginsburg, '33, President of the Serta-White Cross Company, state the case for the manufacturing-salesmanship field; and Rev. Charles F. Donovan, '29, Dean of the School Of Education at Boston College enlightened us on the "second noblest occupation", teaching. . . On the final Career Day, Thursday, April 14, the field of banking and finances was discussed by Roger B. Tyler, '12, President of the Workingmen's Cooperative Bank. Dr. Nathaniel H. Frank,

HERBERT S. WAXMAN '54

'19, Head of the Physics Department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, spoke on the growing field of engineering. As the final speaker, Dr. Leroy M. S. Miner, '01, former Dean of the School of Dental Medicine at Harvard University, concluded the program by stating the place of the Latin School graduate in the field of medicine and dentistry. . . On behalf of the student body, we should like to take this opportunity to thank sincerely these distinguished gentlemen, who took time from a busy schedule to address us; and may we express the hope that future Career Days may be as enlightening to Latin School undergraduates.

The classical traditions that Latin School has built up over the past 318 years have certainly been well upheld by our representatives in the "Know English Contest". After having won the City finals, the team went on to win a first-place in the grand finals, in which school's from New England and New York were represented. Individually, the three teammates all finished among the top five, with Charles Segal taking first place, James Gibbons third, and Thomas Hegarty fourth. Would that I knew (*optative subjunctive*) my derivatives as well as this trio of Seniors!

In the past, Latin School has always taken great pride in the tremendous sums its graduates have received in the form of college scholarships. The Class of '53 has been no exception to our fine tradition, winning more than \$37,000 in scholarship: \$9300, from Harvard; \$2900, from Boston College; the rest, from many other sources. Mathew J. Ahearn and Anthony F. Tamis were each awarded \$1500 annual NROTC Scholarships. The colleges and organizations from which B. L. S. boys received Scholarships are too many to enumerate; but if the renewable scholarships are sustained for the four years, this year's graduating class will have set a record high, winning \$140,000.

In keeping with B. L. S. tradition that a gift be left to the School at the end of each year by the Honor Society, it was voted that this year's gift would consist of a 100-dollar gift to the Latin

School Alumni Association Scholarship Fund; and a fifty-dollar gift to the Library, to be used toward the purchase of new books. As the Society rejected Mr. Walter McCarthy's suggestion that a washing-machine be purchased to lower the bill for athletic uniforms, the members of next year's football team will have to wash their own dainties "zu Hause".



One thousand Latin School cadets put on an excellent showing in the Prize Drill ceremonies on April 29. The difficulty of the Judges in picking the winners was evident in the final scores, as most of the companies came in within a few points of each other.

FIRST REGIMENT

First Prize: Colonel Charles Chambers, Fourth Company.

Second Prize: Colonel Matthew Ahearn, Tenth Company.

Third Prize: Lt. Colonel Christos Hasiotis, Ninth Company.

Fourth Prize: Major John Harrington, Seventh Company.

Fifth Prize: Major Burton Schwalb, Fifth Company.

Sixth Prize: Major Allen Patriquin, Sixth Company.

SECOND REGIMENT

First Prize: Colonel Joseph Moriarty, Tenth Company.

Second Prize: Lt. Colonel Robert Marshall, Ninth Company.

Third Prize: Major Jay Loyall, Third Company.

Fifth Prize: Major James Gibbons, First Company.

Although, in the past, many honors have been conferred upon Latin School boys, perhaps no student has distinguished himself so highly as Thomas Hegarty of Class I, who has just had the singular honor of having been chosen the "brightest high school senior of the year" as a result of his having taken top place in the National Honor Society exam. This test, which is given to the top high school seniors all over the country, carries a \$500 top prize, which will go to Hegarty. As a group, the Latin School representation to the competition did exceedingly well, with James Gibbons and Edward L. Cohen winning each a \$200 scholarship, and Martin Forsberg winning a \$50 scholarship. Morris Goldings, Sheldon Gordon, Henry Heifetz, Alan Levenson, and Marshall Lifson also placed high in the examination, each receiving an Honorable Mention. Boston Latin School can certainly pride itself in having produced nine of the most brilliant high school seniors of the United States.

For the first time, the *Register* was this year entered in the high school publication competition sponsored by the *Boston Globe*. Our initial appearance in this contest was quite successful, however, for the *Register* was adjudged the best high school magazine in its class. Henry Heifetz and "Al" Forgione, this year's editors, were each presented a fifty-dollar check, while another certificate was added to the growing pile of awards in Room 236.

The Latin School Junior Prom was held Saturday evening, May 9, at Hampton Court in Brookline. More than 125 couples participated in one of the most successful social functions of the year. John Dooley of Room 209 is to be complimented on his good taste in girls, as his date was chosen Queen of the Prom. After George Graham's Band ceased to give forth dance music at midnight, the extravagant Juniors took their dates to many of the night-spots in and around Boston. Henceforth, those who attend the Prom will be able to be distinguished from their "less fortunate" classmates by noticeable absence of funds or, as they say in France, "Pas d'argent".



At the Honor Society assembly held on Thursday, May 7, members of Classes II and III saw forty-eight Juniors and thirteen Seniors inducted into the Boston Latin School chapter of the Society. Burton Schwalb presided at the ceremony and gave the pledge to the inductees; and Morris Goldings, Alan Levenson, James Gibbons, and Thomas Hegarty spoke on the four requirements for admission to the society: scholarship, service, leadership, and character. Mr. Edward Donahue, who had retired from the Faculty this year, was given the distinction of being made an honorary member of the Honor Society. Noteworthy of mention was the mathematical performance of Headmaster McKim in correctly dividing three hundred by three, a great feat in view of the fact that Mr. McKim has confessed that he found mathematics the most difficult subject at Latin School.

Once again the Hall resounded with high voices of Sixth Classmen and the basses of First Classmen, as Classes I and II witnessed the Fifth Public Declamation on Friday, March 20. Bowing and declaiming to Mr. McKim and the audience were Donald Richard Friary and Kevin James McHugh of Class VI; Vincent Samuel Ceglie and Charles Andrew Raffoni of Class V; Theodore Saul Herman and Edward Haven Pauley of Class IV; Bernard Arthur Geller of Class III; Alan Warren Drachman and Herbert Esar Millstein of Class II; Frank Robert Lyons, Robert Nathaniel White, and Myron David Cohen of Class I.

On Monday, March 2, Classes I and II filled the Assembly Hall to attend a program presented by the Speech Correction class. Edward Haven Pauley of Class IV served as moderator of the program, which consisted of a discussion on "The Character Rating Sheet". The individual topics of the sheet were discussed by the following boys: "Seriousness of Purpose", Charles Frederick Albrecht of Class I; "Industry", Roger James Denholm of Class I; "Initiative", Robert Gerard Donovan of Class IV; "Influence", Martin Leon Helmsmortel of Class I; "Concern for Others", Irwin Stuart Alpert of Class II; "Emotional Stability", Shelbourne Richard Lyman of Class II; "Personality", Lewis Simon Freedman of Class II; and "Leadership", Carl Richard Hoffman of Class V. An evaluation of the character-rating sheet was the concluding speech presented by Robert Ambrose Swirbalis of Class I. The *Register* congratulates Mrs. Loftus, the speech correction instructor, for the excellent job she has done in helping boys overcome speech difficulties; but no praise we can give is able to match the acclaim of the student body, evidenced by the tremendous ovation she received at the assembly.

The Class Day Exercises were held on Friday, April 17. Classes I and II heard "Bob" Fitzgerald and Alan Levenson deliver the President's Address and the Class Oration, respectively. Thirsty Alan Cushner and Henry "The Sheik" Heifetz prophesied the fates of the graduates; and Donald Evans, Sheldon Gordon, and Richard Harris enumerated the bequests of the X Class of '53. The major address—customarily given by a member of the 25-year class, was delivered this year by Brigadier-General Thomas Connell Darcy, '28, of the United States Air Force. Musical interludes were presented by the Boston Latin School Band, conducted by Mr. Joseph Trongone; and by Soloists Carl Edmund Nordahl and William August Welch, members of the graduating class. . . [Incidental Note: We observed that the general consensus of opinion of the Class was that the Braves should have remained in Boston.]

Alumni Notes

MARSHALL S. HORWITZ '54

A professor of classics at Howard University, Frank M. Snowden, Jr. '28, has received a leave of absence to accept a general lectureship under the Educational Exchange Program of the Department of State. He will visit Africa, The Middle East, and Western Europe, where he will lecture on general education in the American college and on his research in the sociology of race relations in the ancient world. His tour will extend for a period of six months.

Dr. David Scannell, '93, of Jamacia Plain was awarded the Leonard Wood Memorial Medal for distinguished service to the Boston City Hospital. The 78-year-old surgeon, who joined the staff in 1903, was feted at the 65th anniversary of the Boston City Hospital Alumni Association.

Reverend George Schlichte, '39, a priest of the Archdiocese of Boston, will become Assistant Vice-Rector of the North American College in Rome. After earning a Bronze Star, the Navy's Unit Citation, and Five Campaign Stars, he resigned his Lieutenant (Senior Grade) Commission to begin his studies at St. John's Seminary in Brighton. He will assume his new duties in July.

James Joseph Sullivan, '44, has been appointed to a position in the Federal government by President Eisenhower. Sullivan, who began his political career as an aide to former Mayor Curley, graduated from Harvard Law School. When Senator Lodge drafted Eisenhower for the Presidency, he took Sullivan along as a member of his staff. Sullivan played a vital part in the Republican National Convention and became part of the team that nominated "Ike."

Alvin L. Brody, '49, has been awarded a Fulbright Scholarship to study at the University of Copenhagen. The Harvard College Senior will attend the Danish Graduate School for Foreign Students.

Harries-Clichy Peterson, '42 (named thus because his parents were married at Camp Clichy near Paris, and the best man's name was Colonel Harries) has earned himself fame as a fighting-photographer. As soon as Peterson was activated in 1951, he was dispatched to Korea. During the fighting he merited a Silver Star for valor in battle. In spite of his busy routine, he was able to purchase a Japanese-made camera and to take enough pictures to warrant an article in "Life" magazine. His photographs accurately depict the life of a soldier fighting in the Korean War.

Dexter Perkins, '09, of Rochester has been nominated for one of the five positions vacant on the Board of Directors of the Alumni Association of Harvard. Perkins, now Chairman of the Department of History at the University of Rochester, was the first Professor of American History and Institutions at Cambridge University, England. He has lectured at prominent Universities, both in Europe and in the United States, and has been President of the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies since 1950. His latest book, "The American Approach to Foreign Policy", is the newest in his series dealing with current foreign policy.

Edward Dennis Murphy, '47, who was later graduated from Holy Cross *summa cum laude*, died in the service of his country. Murphy, who was a member of the Underwater Demolition Team, was killed on a mission in Alaska.



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

D. LYONS
W. MOGAN

March 3: Pictures of France and Algiers were shown during the French Club meeting. All secrets of the Casbah were divulged. Members now know why moving-pictures star C. Boyer speaks in a low voice.

March 4: It was observed that a certain Latin master has been having trouble keeping his pants above his hips. *Ye R. R. R.* offers the following suggestions: 1 Stop writing at the board, Sir. 2 Wear suspenders and a belt.

March 5: Notice to Masters: "The school has received several new 'visitors' chairs! All masters wishing such chairs may order them immediately from the office." Cap'n Tom was visibly dejected when he discovered there wasn't a "padded-bottom" in the lot.

March 6: Overheard in 334 Master: "One mark, Jones."—Jones: "But, Sir, I wasn't talking."—*Master:* "You are now; heh! heh! heh!"

March 9: With another win in the Regimentals, the B. L. S. track team has now established supremacy on the indoor boards of the Boston Conference. *Ye R. R. R.* would have gone out for the team, but the shortest race is 100 yards and he's only good at dashes. At this point, The Chief was heard to mutter: "Anyway, brains count in the long run!"

March 10: Rosen sind rot, Veilchen sind blau, Weissen Bucksledern sind schwarz, Als getragen von einer Frau.

March 11: A pair of gym-shorts walked

into 123 today at 10:44. Seconds later, a half-clad Junior crawled into the room and crept stealthily on hands and knees up behind the fugitive. He snatched them up and ran victoriously from the room. Said the master, "I knew he would be in for them. . . We sure do need a washing-machine!"

March 12: New orders from H. Q. concerning recess held in home-rooms: A) Converse only in low tones. B) Refrain from horseplay. C) Clean up after eating.....Whaaat? Who told?

March 13: Friday the 13th. *Ye R. R. R.* purposely stayed out of school today, fearing bad luck. Needless to say, four scheduled tests did not influence his decision.

March 16: Eavesdropped from 215: "Vell, we won't make much trouble for you. We wouldn't even shoot you for it, you know. Vell, we'll give you three to start with, you know."

March 17: Because of Evacuation Day, Latin School was evacuated by its students.

March 18: After the Fourth Public Declamation, a special assembly on Class I electives was held for boys of Class II. A dazed Junior was seen leaving the hall with a six-headed coin.

March 19: Results of that certain French teacher's "cruise" have just been received: The Hershey Manufacturing Company has gone out of

business; the overhead at Robert Hall's has risen so much that one can enter a showroom in a standing position; and the Navy Department has taken over the National Biscuit Company.

March 20: Spring is here! The birds are singing, the bees are buzzing, the trees are blooming, the cows are doing whatever cows do when they're contented; and, at sunny B. L. S., the young master's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of increasing the population of E. H. S.

March 23: With the arrival of three-dimensional motion pictures, it was today disclosed that the Health Department had come into possession of 3-D films guaranteed to upset the digestion for minimum of 48 hours.

March 24: Baseball practice today. *Ye R. R. R.*'s tenure on the team was cut short when, on being handed a ball and asked by a coach if he could throw it very far, he replied, "You obviously haven't read any of my work."

March 25: In strict accordance with the instructions that no boy be given a doctor's slip in an off-hand manner, Cap'n Tom asked of a recruit complaining of stomach-ache, "Let's see it, boy."

March 26: Career Day No.2. "The boys are asked to bring with them the programs distributed on March 24." It seems things are "tough all around."

March 27: Boys of Class II were offered their "electives" for next year. The choices were explained very carefully in an assembly. The way *Ye R. R. R.* understood it: "If A is passing French and Math, but flunking Latin and German with more than a 45 average and English with less than a 45 average, the best course for A would be suicide."

March 30: A lad with a French version of the "Three Musketeers" was seen floating about the upper reaches, near 332. He had his "abientôt" sheet under his arm, and they just couldn't hold him down.

March 31: A weary math teacher in 103 was handing out to his "not so bright" pupils' booklets, entitled "Why Study Math?" He ran out of

copies before the end of the first period.

April 1: *Ye R. R. R.* sure can use these next two days. He already has more than two feet in the grave with Cicero.

April 6: The classrooms were strangely depleted today; and there wasn't a "Cohen" to be found anywhere.

April 7: Gleaned from the day's notices: "Aviation Club meeting. All members and *non-members* are invited to pay their dollar dues." Money-hungry, eh?

April 8: *Junior with shoe-lace around his neck to angry master scribbling on M. M. pad:* "But, Sir, it's even got a Windsor knot."

April 9: Strange sounds were heard issuing from the wall behind the master sitting in 235. It is suspected that a family of young aardvarks is being raised in secret. This, no doubt, explains why a bucketful of tender green Hoodsie spoons has disappeared from the lunchroom.

April 10: Boys of a certain privileged group were informed today that their privileges would henceforth be "sh-topped." Always has to be one "sh-toolie" in the crowd; what could we do about it?

April 13: Bet the reader was surprised to find no April Fool's witticism in this column. Fooled you, didn't I?

April 14: The Meteorology Club was crossed up today. The weatherman predicted a holocaust, and all it did was snow. Says the Club's illustrious president: "Guess I lost my head." Too bad it was so long ago, Ed.

April 15: *Edict 7734- Health marks will be included in computation of the Modern Prize winners.* *Ye R. R. R.* has asked his mother to add spinach to the unsmuggled portion of his lunch in a last-ditch effort to offset the low mark he received the day he forgot his Wheaties.

April 16: With today's distribution of the *Register*, the "small wheel" portion of the School with homerooms near 235 finally learned that those sounds emanating from aforesaid Sanctum were not caused by the "hot lunch", but merely by "les jeunes vachers" lushly practicing their of Midi-Precis.

April 17: Class Day. Topic for debate: "Resolved that the year 1953 be entitled a 'most significant year', because the Braves have transferred to Milwaukee." Upholding the negative were a ranking Navy man and the Class Orator. The winner: the leader of the Class Song.

April 18- April 26 *Ye R. R. R.* was busy sleeping, eating, and sleeping. Man! What crazy dreams!

April 27: *Ye R. R. R.* was today admitted to the Honor Society. The induction ceremony was beautiful: Two boys collared him in the locker-room and stated, "You just been admitted into the Honor Society: that'll be one buck dues." Guess I'm just a sentimentalist, but I cried the whole time. My arm still hurts, too.

April 28: *Ye R. R. R.* has just been informed that the Alzboc (Afghanistan) post-office is swamped with entries to the "I Am Who" contest. The Postmaster-General requests that hereafter boys write their return addresses in appropriate script so that the monkeys may sort the mail faster.

April 29: Prize Drill began at 8:15 A.M. First time in B. L. S. history that proceedings got such an early start. During the review, a woman called from Dorchester and asked whether "that fellow with the awfully loud voice would please quiet down; he's waking the baby."

April 30: Recent Notice: Class VI boys who persist in playing ball in the area between the school and Simmons College will be severely punished. "Hmmm! Learning young and paying for it, too! Ah, well; so the world goes!"

May 1: The Symphony Band concert was held in the B. L. S. auditorium this P.M. It was an appropriate May Day exhibition. By actual "shtop-vatch" count, applause took up

24:04 5'6 minutes of the program. Anyhow, Mr. Trongone smiled.

May 4: No Physical Education this week. The pictures shown in the Hall were interrupted by constant shouts of "WE want Russell!" *Ye R. R. R.* can't understand why anybody would want to see a picture of a Southern Senator.

May 5: The Military Science Tests were returned today. Lest any officers of tomorrow are wary of this examination, here's a sample of one of the more simple questions: "If the diameter of the bore times the length of the barrel equals the number of the tanks in a battalion, how many medical units in a division?....
Answer: Yes.

May 6: The school has donated the gym to State Teachers College for its entrance exams: and all phys-ed. classes have been sent to the Assembly Hall to watch movies. I guess "Boom-Boom" thinks those pictures of slaughtered marines are good morale-builders for the schoolboy parade.

May 7: A grand total of 61 newly elected members were inducted into the National Honor Society. The Headmaster, in the course of congratulating the inductees and showing how many places in the Society were still open, said the following: "One-third of three hundred equals one hundred; and forty-eight from one hundred leaves fifty-two." Thunderous applause followed this exceptional bit of mathematical deduction.

May 8: The Headmaster announced that he was *thrilled* by the conduct of the boys during the Air Raid Drill . . . Nat half as *thrilled* as a certain group scheduled for a syntax test. Sir. Keep ringing those bells ! ! !

May 11: How strange! I feel an odd swishing breeze on the back of my neck, as if some one were swinging a battle-axe behind me. *Yoiiks ! ! !* It's DEADLINE DAY, and *how*.



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